Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which pleaſures fittes a husband,not a father)
And ſhee an eater of her Mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers,yet they Poyſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for Wiſedome ſees thoſe men,
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne(I know)another doth prouoke;
Murther's as neere to Luſt,as Flame to Smoake:
Poyſon and Treaſon are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt,to keepe you cleare,
By flight,Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head:
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall,my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thali. Doth your highnes call?

Antio. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,
To your ſecrecie; and for your faythfulnes,
We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard*:
Behold,heere's Poyſon,and heere's Gold:
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him;
It fittes thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay,is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.

Enter